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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



HUBERT DE BURGH AND THE BLACKSMITH.

(From the painting by Allan Stewart.)

Hubert de Burgh was the man who is said to have been ordered by King John to put out the eyes of Prince Arthur, but who refused to do so. When King John died Hubert ruled England wisely and well for the young King Henry. But his enemies plotted against him, and he was taken prisoner. When a certain village blacksmith was ordered to put fetters upon him, he refused to inflict such an indignity upon "the man who freed England."

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

A Holiday Task.

JACK GRIFFITHS is my cousin, and though he is a class or two higher up in school than I am, we are rather chums. We go about a lot together, and I could tell you quite a number of stories about him, but this will do to begin with.

On the first morning after the summer holidays I was astonished to see Jack come to school on a brand-new bike. It really was a beauty—good make, free wheel, three gears, handle-bars shining so that they dazzled your eyes to look at them, and not a scratch on the enamel anywhere. I noticed the new bike at once, for Jack's old one was the worst in the school—and that's saying a lot. It was a poor rickety thing, and he had painted the handle-bars black to save himself the trouble of cleaning them. Our class master once said to Jack, "Griffiths, your bicycle is in *rattling* good condition." Good joke, wasn't it? When I saw the new bike I said, "Hallo, Jack! you *are* in luck this time. Where did you get it?"

"Oh," he said, "it's a 'reward of merit.' But the story is too long to tell you. Just nip across to-night when you've done your 'prep' and ask Mabel to spin you the yarn. She'll tell you fast enough."

Well, I was very keen to know how Jack had got a bike as a "reward of merit." He isn't what you would call "a pattern boy" at school, and so I was curious to know what he had done to deserve it. After I'd done my "prep" that night I went across to his place and found Mabel.

"What's all this that Jack says about getting a new bike as a reward of merit?" I said. "I suppose he's only funning."

"Not a bit," said Mabel, who was limping about. "Jack's a hero. Didn't you know? Come over here and sit down, and I'll tell you all about it."

We found a seat under the big elderberry tree, and Mabel began,—

"It was like this, you see. The last week of the holiday had come, and Jack thought it was about time he attended to his holiday task. Mr. Slade, his class master, had set as a holiday task 'to make a collection of some characteristic fossils of the vicinity.'"

"Yes," I said, "he does talk like that."

"Don't interrupt," observed Mabel. "You just let me tell you the story in my own way. On Tuesday of last week Jack began to think of the fossils. We were staying at Brinebrook, a jolly place on the Yorkshire coast. The little town is built on the top of a cliff. As you stand looking out to sea there's a deep valley on your right, with a little river running through it. Beyond the river is a high cliff that drops straight down to the shore except for the last part, where it slopes out a bit.

"Jack read the guidebook, and to his delight he found that the cliff—Bruntcliffe they call it—was a champion place for fossils. There were lots of ammonites at the foot of the cliff. You know the sort I mean—fossils like curled-up snakes. There was also



something about the cliff that interested Jack far more than fossils, and that was a smugglers' cave, called Penny Hole.

" 'Mabel,' said Jack to me, 'after lunch we'll go to Bruntcliffe along the shore and pick up fossils for my holiday task. Then we'll climb up into Penny Hole and see what a smugglers' cave is like.'

" 'All right,' I said, 'I'll come. We'll take Bob with us for company. He can smell out the fossils for you.'

" Jack laughed. 'Fossils haven't got any smell, you goose,' he said.

" Well, after lunch we set off along the sands for Bruntcliffe. It was a much longer walk than we expected, and the tide was coming in when we got to the cliff; but neither of us thought anything about that.

" The guidebook was perfectly right. There was any amount of ammonites amongst the stones at the foot of the cliff. We got one that was about a foot big. Jack was delighted with it. 'Old Slade will like this,' he said. 'He'll put it in the museum, and tell the fellows that I'm a public-spirited benefactor, or something of that kind.'

" When we'd got quite a nice heap of 'characteristic fossils of the vicinity,' Jack said we would explore the smugglers' cave.

" It was pretty hard work climbing up to the cave, I can tell you. I slipped down once or twice and got some scratches, and Jack split the knee of his trousers. Bob scrambled up behind us.

" 'Jack,' I said, 'I know something about this cave that you don't. I

read all the chapter about smugglers in the guidebook, and what do you think? This cave leads on and on till it comes out into the valley. The smugglers used to carry their cargo right through the cave till they got to the valley, and there the pack-horses were waiting for them. The stuff was put on the backs of the horses, and they walked up the bed of the stream for miles and miles till they came to Stokesley, where the goods were sold.'

" 'Well,' said Jack, 'let's hunt about and see if we can find the smugglers' way out into the valley.'

" We did so, but we hadn't gone very far before I slipped on a piece of rock, and down I went with a bang.

" 'Come on,' cried Jack, who was leading the way. 'What are you sitting down for?'

" 'I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle,' I answered, and in a few seconds I had fainted away.

" When I came to I was sitting on a rock, with my back to the wall of the cave. My blouse was all wet, for Jack had found a little pool in the cave, and had brought water in his cap to revive me, and had splashed it all over me.

" 'I'm better now,' I said faintly.

" Jack didn't answer, but took off my boot and stocking, and tied his wet handkerchief round my ankle. It had swelled up ever so.

" 'Now,' he said, 'we're in a pretty fix. You can't get down the cliff by yourself, and I don't think I can help you. It's too steep for me to carry you down.'



“ ‘I’ll stay here with Bob,’ I said, ‘while you go and get help.’

“ ‘Oh, I’m not going to leave you alone, old girl. They’ll be sure to miss us at tea-time, and send somebody to look for us. You keep quiet, and perhaps I shall think of a way to get you down, after a bit.’

“ Jack went rummaging about, and soon I heard him whistle.

“ ‘What is it?’ I asked.

“ ‘Here’s a rum go,’ he said. ‘Look what I’ve found.’ He came across to me with a jewel-case in his hand. ‘I found it on a shelf of rock over there.’

“ ‘Why, the smugglers must have left it,’ I said. ‘It is a jolly find.’ ”

“ ‘I don’t think it’s smugglers; it’s more like thieves. The case isn’t very old; and I don’t think it can have been in the cave very long, for it was wrapped in this piece of newspaper, and the date on it is February 1921. No, Mabel, my child, it’s thieves, and not smugglers.’ ”

“ ‘What’s that on it?’ I asked, pointing to a little gold device on the top of the case.

“ Jack looked at it carefully. ‘Why, it’s a coronet,’ he said. ‘It shows that the case belongs to some titled folks.’ ”

“ ‘Open it,’ I cried, ‘and see what’s inside.’ ”

“ Jack took off the strap; but he couldn’t get the case open, for it was locked.

“ ‘Perhaps it’s empty,’ I said.

“ Jack shook it. ‘I believe you’re right. I can’t hear anything rattling. Never mind; you can have it for your jewels.’ ”

“ I laughed, for I haven’t got any jewels, except a little cow-bell brooch that father brought me from Switzerland years ago when I was a baby. But I thanked Jack, and said I would keep it until I was married, when, of course, I should have lots of jewels.

“ ‘See if you can find anything else, Jack,’ I said, and he began rummaging about once more.

“ Presently he came back. ‘I’ve only found this,’ he said, showing me a button.

“ I thought that wasn’t much; but Jack said it might be a clue, and so he should keep it.

“ ‘Now,’ he said, ‘it’s time we were getting back. How’s the ankle?’ ”

“ I tried to walk, and found I could totter along a bit, though it was very painful. Jack helped me along to the mouth of the cave, and then I began to cry. The tide had rolled in, and the waves were only a few feet below us.

“ ‘Whatever shall we do?’ I sobbed.

“ Jack told me rather roughly to stop blubbering, and sit down while he put on his thinking-cap.

“ I did so, and soon he said, ‘Bob will have to go.’ ”

“ ‘Oh, don’t,’ I cried; ‘he’ll be drowned—I’m sure he will.’ ”

“ ‘Nonsense,’ said Jack. ‘He’s a water-dog, and he can swim like a fish.’ ”

“ Then he caught the dog by the collar, and said, ‘Home, Bob, home,’ ever so many times, and shoved him down the cliff into the water.

“ Bob dropped in with a big splash, but he soon came up again, and swam away round the corner of the cliff, where we could not see him.

“ ‘Now,’ said Jack, ‘there’s nothing to do but to wait patiently.’ ”

“ What a wait it was! It seemed days and days. We were both dreadfully hungry, and I’m afraid I cried a good deal. But I didn’t let Jack see me doing it, because I knew it would only worry him, and he’d been very good to me.

“ At last it began to grow dark, and I shivered with the cold. Jack made me move up into the cave to a little sheltered place, where I was quite cosy. ‘Now go to sleep,’ he said. ‘I’ll wake you when the boat comes.’ ”

"Of course I couldn't sleep—I was too anxious, and my ankle pained me too much—but I kept very quiet for what seemed hours and hours.

"Then all at once I heard father shouting, 'Jack! Mabel! are you there?'

"Jack yelled out, and so did I, and we scrambled to the mouth of the cave. There was father with some men in a boat. We were saved!

"In a minute more a man had climbed up into the cave, and was letting me down into the boat, and in less than half an hour we were home, safe and sound. I say, mother did scold us—when she wasn't crying for joy at getting us back again.

"Wasn't it grand of Bob? It seems he ran straight home, and barked and carried on in such a mad way that father felt sure something was wrong with us. Bob led him down to the shore, and kept on barking towards the cliff till father guessed we were there, and got a boat. Good old Bob! I shall always love him."

Mabel seemed to have finished her story, so I said, "But what about Jack's 'reward of merit'? You haven't told me anything about that."

"Yes, I have," she said. "Don't you remember the jewel-case, and the newspaper, and the button? Well, when we told father all about it, he took them to the police, and, sure enough, they got a clue from them.

"It turned out that in February there had been a jewel robbery at Taske Hall, not far away, where the Duke of Weardale lives. I don't know how the police managed it, but they

discovered from the button that the thief was one of the duke's gardeners."

Mabel made another pause.

"But that doesn't explain Jack's new bike," I said.

"Of course it does. How stupid you are! There was a reward of £10 offered to any one who would give information leading to the arrest of the thief; so it was given to Jack, and he bought a bike with the money."

"My word!" I said, "he *is* a hero after all. I must tell the fellows at school to-morrow."

Indian Calm.

YOU cannot startle an Indian, nor can you ruffle his calm dignity.

I once had the satisfaction of pointing out to an Indian chief an aeroplane sailing across the sky. It was the first aeroplane he had ever seen, and I had fond hopes that he would show some excitement.

"There!" I said. "There! What do you think of it? Isn't it extraordinary?"

The chief looked up at the aeroplane calmly; then he looked at me.

"But it was built to do that, wasn't it?" he said.

Motto for September.

Keep true, never be ashamed of doing right; decide on what you think is right and stick to it.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Sent in by AMY GILES,
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton,
near Stourbridge,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Kings and Queens.

"IS the lesson going hard?" asked Aunt Kate, looking up from her sewing by the open fire.

"It is not going at all," said Barbara.

"It has come to a perfect standstill. I no sooner get an Edward all learned than I find a Henry on the throne, and then right away there are more Edwards, and there is always a William bobbing up."

"I wonder if I could help you?" asked Aunt Kate. She had a pleasant way of helping Barbara out of difficulties.

Barbara came over to the hearthrug and opened her book with a disgusted gesture.

"If they had only been named something different—if once in a while they had ever had a Barbara, for instance," and she laughed in spite of her vexation. "But they all had such common names, and so little variety too!"

"I have been through it all," said Aunt Kate, "and perhaps my plan for learning the order of succession may help. It is years since I repeated the rhyme which grandfather gave me, but take your pencil and copy this down."

Barbara did as she was told, with this result:—

Norman William, "the Conqueror,"
Then William, his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Next Richard and John;
Then Henry the Third,
Then of Edwards a trine,
Then, following Richard,
Three Henrys in line;
Next, after two Edwards,
Richard, number three;

Two Henrys, Sixth Edward,
And Mary we see;
Not long was her reign,
And after her death
Came the spacious times
Of Elizabeth;
Then followed Scotch James
And Charles, who was slain,
And then, after Cromwell,
Charles Second did reign;
Then came James the Second,
From the throne removed,
Then William and Mary
Together, much loved;
Anne, four Georges, and William Fourth
In straight succession came,
Followed by Queen Victoria,
Of good, illustrious name;
Then Edward the Seventh,
As "Peacemaker" known
Throughout all of Europe
To India's zone;
And now George the Fifth,
The Seventh Edward's son,
Is the reigning king
On Great Britain's throne.

"But Edward was not king when grandfather went to school, and now there is a new George!" cried Barbara.

"Well," said Aunt Kate, "you do not write very fast, and so I composed the rest."

"Perhaps I may have to finish the verse with more names when I'm an aunty," said Barbara, gathering up her papers. "I know I can remember them now, because I can 'sing-song' them—but I still wish there had been a greater variety of names."

Golden Text for the Month.

Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweetsmelling savour.—EPH. V. 1, 2.

The Life of Jesus.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ASCENSION.

GOD'S angels had carried many a message of joy from Heaven to earth, but never a more joyful one than this. The King was alive. He had conquered death, and was alive for evermore. It was the Resurrection morning, and just as spring was waking into life those seeds which had been buried under ground, so the bodies which slept in their graves would one day rise again through the power of the King of Heaven, who had Himself risen from the dead.

Presently two of the Master's disciples came hurrying into the garden, followed by the woman who had gone to call them. They saw the empty tomb and heard about the shining angel, and they were bewildered, and scarcely knew what to believe. They should have remembered how Jesus had told them He would rise again; but it seemed too good to be true.

It was the poor, sorrowful woman, Mary Magdalene, who first saw the risen King. She was kneeling by the empty tomb and weeping bitterly, for she had not seen the angel, and she still thought some one had stolen His body away. Then through her tears she saw a man standing near her, whom she took to be the gardener, and she begged Him to tell her if He knew where the body of Jesus was. Her eyes were so dim with weeping that she could not see clearly, but her ears could never

mistake her Lord's voice, the voice that now called her by name, "Mary."

It was the King Himself who stood there: her Lord and Master at whose feet she knelt.

One by one He showed Himself to His friends and followers, sometimes when they were in little groups of two or three, sometimes when there were many of them gathered together. Each one of them saw and believed, and the one who still doubted was shown in His Master's hands and feet the print of the cruel nails, and the mark of the sword-thrust in His side. There was no room for doubt. It was indeed Jesus, their Lord and Master.

For some little time yet the King remained on earth to help and teach His followers, and to show them that He was indeed alive.

Summer had now come, the fields of golden grain were almost ready for the harvest sickle, and the time drew near when God's Son must return to His Father's kingdom once more.

On the grassy hill top of Mount Olivet the disciples were gathered together with Jesus in their midst; and as He blessed them He was parted from them, and ascended into Heaven, leaving them gazing upwards as a cloud hid Him from their sight.

Once more they were left alone, once more their King was taken from them, but this time it was no hopeless parting. At the side of the little group of men who still stood gazing upwards two angels now appeared, who told them that they ought not to be sorrowful, but, rather, full of triumphant joy. The King was only parted from them



for a time. They would see Him again, for He would return in glory, even as they had seen Him ascend into Heaven, a King for evermore.

THE END.

Life's Picnic.

OH, the folly of it! We pack our hamper for life's picnic with such pains. We spend so much, we work so hard. We make choice pies; we cook prime joints; we prepare so carefully the mayonnaise; we mix with loving hands the salad; we cram the basket to the lid with every delicacy we can think of. Everything to make the picnic a success is there except the salt. Ah, woe is me, we forget the salt. We slave at our desks, in our workshops, to make a home for those we love; we give up pleasures, we give up our rest. We toil in our kitchen from morning till night, and we render the whole feast tasteless for want of a ha-porth of salt, for want of a soupçon of amiability, for want of a handful of kind words, a touch of caress, a pinch of courtesy.—JEROME K. JEROME.

What's in a Name.

FOOTE, the great wit, dined at an inn, and at the close of the meal received the bill from the proprietor.

"Your name is Partridge, is it not?" said Foote.

"Yes," replied the host.

"Partridge!" exclaimed the wit. "It ought to be Woodcock, judging by the length of your bill."

An Old Story.

COLERIDGE relates a story to this effect: Alexander the Great, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest.

Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

During Alexander's stay with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this:—

The one had bought a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he sold the ground with what it might be found to contain.

Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son"; and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure be given them as dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"What," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country; does the rain fall there; are there cattle which feed upon the herbs and green grass?" asked the chief.

"Certainly," said Alexander.

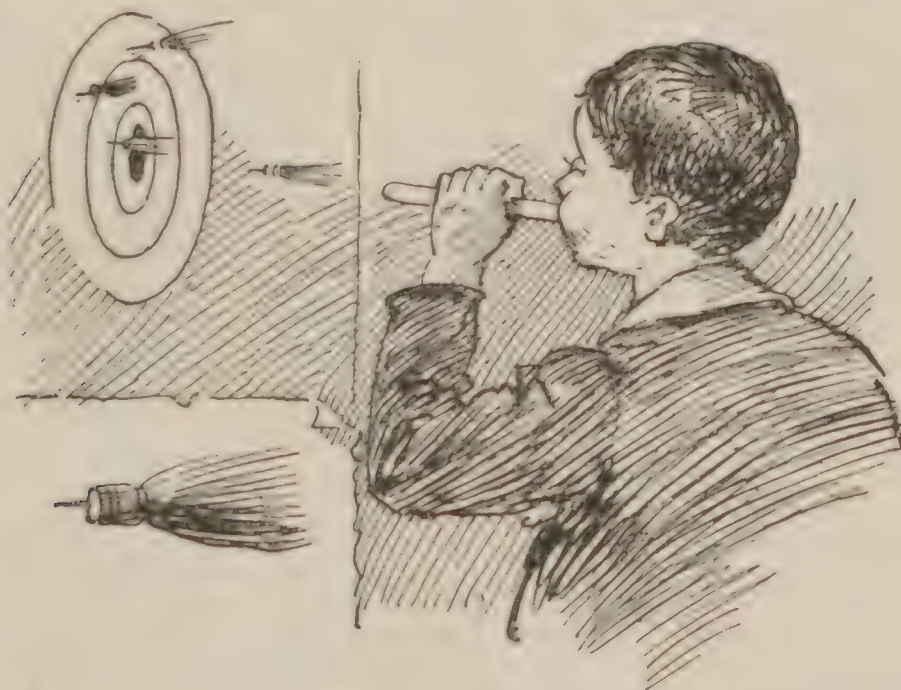
"Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall, and the grass to grow."

Scientific Amusements.

THE PEA-SHOOTER, OR SHOOTING-TUBE.

PULL out of its containing tube the tuft of hairs of an ordinary paint-brush, and through this small bunch of hairs introduce a pin, whose point, after passing through the part of the brush which is tightly tied together, will project a short distance

The first effect is to force the hairs against the walls of the tube, thereby gripping the projectile with a certain amount of friction, and closing the tube so that air pressure behind the projectile will increase. Very soon the pressure of the air overcomes the frictional constraint, and the projectile is driven forth with a velocity which may carry it as far as six yards. Good



beyond the base of the hairs. This is the projectile.

The shooting-tube may be made of a roll of paper gummed along the edge, or it may be a glass tube or reed of suitable bore. The uniformity of bore is not essential, and its size may vary within fairly wide limits.

Place the projectile at the far end, with the free ends of the hairs well within the tube, and the sharp point projecting outwards. Apply the mouth to the other end, and blow sharply.

practice may be got by aiming at a cardboard target into which the sharp points of the projectiles will stick.

THE ELECTRIFIED TUMBLER.

After a slight heating so as to make both surfaces thoroughly dry, rub a stick of sealing-wax with flannel, and bring it close over a collection of small snippets of paper lying on the table. The pieces of paper will at once rise up towards the sealing-wax, and some will adhere to it for a short

time. The sealing-wax has been electrified by friction. The same may be shown with a rod of warm dry glass rubbed with silk.

A pretty variety of this experiment is the following. Cut out of a piece of stiffish paper folded fourfold an arrow having the form shown in the drawing, and balance it on the point of a needle, fixed vertically in a cork. The needle must not pierce the paper,

By friction the glass has become electrified with what is commonly called positive electricity. Just as in the case of the sealing-wax, the electrified glass attracts small bodies. But the initial action on the arrow is to electrify it by induction, making the nearer end negatively electrified and the farther end positively electrified. It is the nearer end which is attracted, and this is shown by the needle turning



but simply support it at the meeting of the folds. Cover the whole with a tumbler which has been previously heated before the fire.

Announce to the company that, without lifting the glass or touching the paper, you will make it turn to any of the company.

All that is needed is to rub with a piece of silk or wool the side of the tumbler facing the person who is to be honoured. The arrow will turn round and point towards the part rubbed.

round and pointing towards the excited part of the glass.

Not a Student.

"BRAGG was boasting to me the other day about his library," said one Londoner to another. "He told me that he had all the gems of English literature in it."

"They must be uncut gems," replied his friend.

The Boy under the Counter.

THERE was once a boy named James Cook, who lived in the village of Marton in Yorkshire.

The boy's father was poor, and had seven other children. So James Cook



did not go to school for very long. He was quite a small boy when he was sent out to work for money.

He went to help a farmer who lived not far away. When his day's work was done the farmer's wife taught him to read.

He had to scare birds from the corn, and to help with the horses, the cows, the pigs, and the fowls. He was up early in the morning, and had very little time for play.

When he was thirteen his father took him away from the farm. He sent him to a village near the sea, where he got a place in the grocer's shop.

He had now to run errands and serve in the shop. His day was long, and he was often very tired. But there was

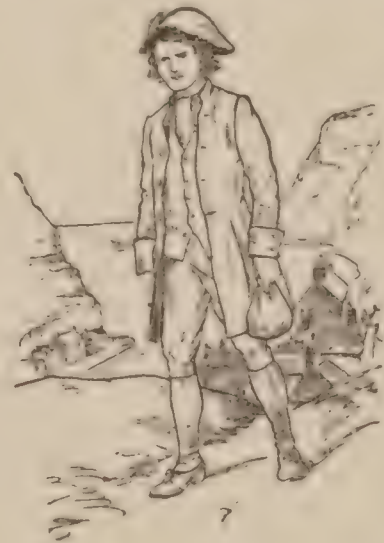
one thing which made him work as hard as he could.

If his work was done early, he had time to go down to the sea and talk to the boatmen and the sailors. They told him many tales of what they had seen in lands far away across the sea.

They told him of warm, sunny lands many miles away, of strange people and birds and beasts. Then he would go home to his bed under the shop counter, and dream of the things he had heard.

Now after a time these stories made him long to go to those far-away lands himself. So one morning he made a bundle of his spare shirt and his knife, and before his master was up he left the shop and set out to walk to Whitby.

He had but one shilling in his pocket, no home, and no friends to help him. But this did not make him afraid. At Whitby he found a coal ship just ready



to sail for London. He went up to the mate and asked if he might go as ship's boy.

The man looked at him and told him to go home. But Cook was not to be

put off, and at last the mate said he might go.

So he sailed away on the coal ship along the coast until he came to London. The boy was now quite happy. He had to do hard and dirty work, but he did it well, because he loved the sea and ships and sailors.

In later years James Cook rose to be a captain, and he found out many places which had never been seen by white men before.

Earning a Living.

"WHY do you peg away so at your school work, Marcia, when you might be having so many good times?" asked a girl of her class-mate. "I should think a girl with your prospects would be satisfied with barely getting through. It isn't as if you'd ever have to earn your living, like the rest of us."

"I don't see so much difference," replied Marcia, with her friendly smile. "It seems to me that every one ought to earn a living—in one way, if not in another. I know it doesn't look now as if I'd ever have to earn money. But I want to live a really rich, full life. And is it any more than fair and honest that I should earn the right to do so, should give something in return for all I get—something besides shillings and pence, which are supplied to me by some one else, and so are not essentially mine at all? That is why I am working as faithfully as I can now. No one can earn a living without being properly equipped for doing so, and so

I feel that I must make the most of this opportunity for getting ready."

If only every girl had discovered the truth that Marcia expressed, and would loyally put it into practice! The life that is all taking and no giving is small and mean. Some of you who read



this have no necessity to earn your daily bread by paid labour. But there is no one who is not under obligation to make some return in service—and the best service of which she is capable—for the good things that she enjoys.

WE all are travellers that throng
A thorny road together,
And if some pilgrim not so strong
As I, but footsore, do me wrong,
I'll make excuse—the way is long,
And stormy is the weather.

THE SERIAL STORY.

Two on an Island.

BY ETHEL TALBOT.

CHAPTER IX.

AS Jim made his way across the island after waving his hand for the last time to Marjorie, his spirits went up with a bound. Here at last was the adventure for which he had been longing. Surely there must be something exciting to be found in the cave. The disappearance of the chest was tremendously thrilling; that in itself must mean something, for *some one* must have spirited it away, but who? He approached the entrance to the Rock with his eyes sparkling; a feeling of adventure seemed somehow to be in the air and everywhere around him.

But as he made his way in at the narrow entrance a sudden feeling of cold and half of disappointment began to assert itself. To begin with, the cave felt chill and damp; he seemed to have left the sunshine and jolly warmth of the July day behind him. He could no longer hear the call of the gulls that had been circling round him overhead all the way across the island. There was only the constant and distant drip, drip, drip of water that was falling far away inside.

Everything was almost dark, too. If there was anything to find, it would be difficult to find it. Without thinking, Jim plunged his hand into his pocket for matches; of course there

were none, and he grinned at himself in the gloom for "being such a Juggins as to have forgotten!" Then he stood still till his eyes had become more accustomed to the darkness after the glare of the light outside, and proceeded to take his bearings as well as he could.

The entrance was very small and narrow, but the interior of the Rock had been hollowed out by the action of the waves until the cavity in which the boy now stood had become a large and roomy one. "Jolly size for a house almost," he said; then remembered Marjorie's horror at the idea, and grinned to himself. "But the question is," he muttered, "Where's the Ghost?"

For, truth to tell, to a ghost-hunter the appearance of the place was exceedingly disappointing. As the boy's eyes became accustomed to the dim light he could see that the cave was quite bare. Evidently the tide must sometimes cover the entrance, for there were stones and shingle lying about; but, as to further excitement, there seemed to be none at all.

"Why, it's a regular 'sell,'" said Jim; "the kid might have been sleeping here like a top every night. Ghost! there's not a trace of one."

Drip, drip, drip, went the water overhead:

"Not that it's not a bit eerie," said the boy, shivering a little in the damp dark chill of the place. "Coo-ee!" he shouted to dispel the gloom.

"Coo-ee!" was echoed back to him by a ghostly echo, and from far, as it seemed, outside came the sound of

gulls frightened by the unusual noise of a voice so near to their haunts.

"Just a look round, and I'll be off," said Jim. "The kid'll be glad to see me back, of course, but it is a bit of a sell."

He started on a voyage of discovery round the cave, barking his shins against bits of rock that seemed to stick up and out in all directions, stepping now and then into little pools of water that had dripped from above; and, as his eyes got more and more accustomed to the place, feeling more and more disappointed.

"Well, I shall just get the kid to come and have a look," he said; "*she'll* be relieved anyway. And then—Why, what on earth—!" For suddenly his arm had shot out and away from a sharp knob of rock and had met with something soft—soft and warm! What *could* it be?

"Let's have a close squint," said Jim to himself. "I thought I was just butting against the wall of the place, and it felt like—well, like a chap's coat, or something. Half a mo!" Was there really going to be something exciting after all—something worth finding? He felt with his hand as carefully as he could all round about, and at last—"Here it is; I've got it!" he muttered.

For he had made no mistake. Part of the walls of the cave were *not* of rock—at least that was what Jim began to think. He felt carefully over the soft substance that stuck warm to his finger-tips after the cold of the rock all round. Then he pulled it gently, then more strongly.

"Hurrah!" cried Jim—but softly, for his excitement was growing—"it's coming away. It's— There's something hidden after all, I shouldn't wonder!" And he stepped back with his arms full.

What he held was a large fleece that had been stuffed into the hole, and as he dragged it away and threw it down on to the floor of the cave he became suddenly conscious that a smaller cave was before him now. It was quite a small one, perhaps a tenth of the size of that in which he now stood, but it *was* a cave none the less. And into it light was shining from a hole in the roof above, through which showed a patch of blue sky.

Jim peeped in and stared, rubbed his eyes and stared again. What he had expected to see he hardly knew, but certainly not the object that met his eyes at this minute. There, inside the small cave, stood the chest—the little heavy old chest with iron hasps that they had found on the beach the night before.

Both caves were lighted up now by the sunshine that streamed in, and Jim could see all round the larger of the two in which he still stood; it was just as bare as he had imagined. Evidently the inner cave was the hiding-place of the smugglers.

For smugglers they must be, he was quite sure of that now. Here was their hoard; and it must have been smugglers' lights that he had seen on that first night on the island. They must have been searching then, but why?

"For it's very strange," said Jim,

as he scrambled through the hole in the rocky wall and into the small inner cave beyond, "that they should choose *this* island to come to. Why should they find treasure *here*? And that coin I found is Spanish—there's no doubt. And the kid's bowl-thing, and perhaps that chest— Well!" After he had satisfied himself that nothing else but the chest was to be found on that journey at least, he wriggled back again, since there seemed no other way of exit, and stuffed the fleece where he had originally found it. "There's nothing else to be found this journey," he said, gave a last look round the large cave over which gloom had settled once more now that the hole had again been filled in, then made his way out into the sun and the open air.

"Aa-aa-ah!" cried the gulls hoarsely, flapping their wings and wheeling around overhead.

Jim did not notice them; he stood and blinked his eyes in the sunlight. "It's a rum go," he said. "So *that's* the Ghost, is it? Smugglers! Well——"

"Aa-aa-ah!" cried the gulls again.

"Well, I must get back to the kid," said Jim; "she'll be feeling a bit funky without me." He only half realized how fond he was growing of the little girl who two days ago had been a stranger to him. "Am I late, or—" He stood up and stared at the sky. "Must be nearer two than one o'clock, I should say," he muttered; "and there's a fish or two to catch, and——"

"Aa-aa-ah!" shrieked the gulls again.

"I'll tell you what, old chaps," said Jim—he turned suddenly and stared up at the birds; "you've put me in mind of a ripping idea. What about eggs? No, I shan't take more than one. Gulls' eggs," he continued to himself; "I believe this Rock's the very place for them, and I could get her one, too. The kid was jolly pleased with the 'damper,' and if I could bring back an egg or two—" He grinned at the idea. In a few minutes, having thrown off his coat, he was searching for the best footholds by which to climb up the Point; if it was possible he would bring back a surprise to the camp where Marjorie was waiting.

If he had been more accustomed to the ways of gulls, Jim would probably never have contemplated the idea. Building, as they generally do, half-way up a steep cliff, the difficult but necessary rock-climbing is, to say the least of it, rather dangerous for unaccustomed Southerners. Knowing nothing of this, however, he went cheerfully enough to work.

And the first mistake he made was to attempt to climb up to the nests from below. If he could have found a place at the head of the Point from which he could have descended, there would probably have been better footholds. As it was, at the base of the Rock the water had, by years of tides and storms, smoothed down the surface until it scarcely showed a single ledge or outstanding crag. "But I'll have a try," said Jim, swarming up.

The job proved far more difficult than he had expected; but the more

difficult it grew the less, somehow, he felt inclined to give it up. There was a nest, he was certain, not twenty feet above him. He made tremendous efforts, and scaled the Rock at last to within about fifteen feet of the ledge where he suspected eggs to be. And then——

"Aa-aa-ah!" sounded close to his head. Round came an angry gull from an unexpected nest near by, calling and crying fiercely at the robber.

Jim turned to keep it off with one hand, and with the excitement of the moment he slipped, tried to regain his very insecure footing again, and failed. Down he came on to the rocks below, and he remembered nothing at all after that for quite a long time.

"Why, Jim," said Marjorie.

The boy was half-sitting and half-lying on the rocks under the side of the cliff. He looked rather dazed. "Why, Jim," said Marjorie again.

"I—thought—it was you calling," he said. "So—I say, kid, it's—my foot, I think; lend a hand." He tried to scramble up to his feet, but the little girl could see that he was in pain. "I—think I fell," he said.

"You *must* have; that's very plain." Marjorie had to speak severely to hide her fear. "Are you hurt anywhere else, do you think, Jim?"

"I—don't think so." The boy spoke slowly. "Just let a chap get his wind, mate, and then—Steady." He stretched out his foot. "Not so bad as I thought," he remarked with a grin; "good job, too."

"Where did you fall from?" inquired Marjorie, looking at him eagerly.

"Up there. I was getting eggs, or looking for 'em"—Jim was slowly collecting his wits—"and my foot slipped, and I fell. And that's all I remember till I heard you call, and felt this pain going on in my foot. I suppose I hurt my head a bit, or something, but nothing to speak of. I'm all right now."

"Here—don't move for a minute," said Marjorie. She ran off and dipped her handkerchief in the nearest pool. "I'll bind it up," she said.

"Mate, you're a brick," said Jim, quite content to lie back and be waited on for a little, though the dizziness from the fall was slowly passing off. "But—I say," he continued, as the little girl returned breathlessly, "how-ever did you get here?"

"I came, of course," said Marjorie, feeling very motherly and grown-up, now that big, sturdy Jim seemed in need of help. "See, I'll get another wet handkerchief; lend me yours, and it'll do for your head. You'll soon be all right. But—" She sat on her heels and stared at him. "Did you really climb up for sea-gulls' eggs, and—in July?"

To her consternation, and then to her delight, Jim burst into a peal of laughter and sat up. "Mate, would you believe it? I did. I never thought of that. I was so keen on getting you an egg for—" He lay back and burst out laughing again. "I'm all right," he said presently; "that's about finished the cure. Birds' eggs in July! I'd like to see Dad's face."

(To be continued.)

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 180. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than September 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for September.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ORIGINAL STORY COMPETITION.

Write a story of an adventure which you had during the holidays, or of an adventure you imagine you had. (Not to exceed 300 words.)

DATE COMPETITION.

While Bob was studying the calendar one September day he was heard to remark, "If I add up the dates that have already passed this month, and subtract the total from the sum of the dates to come this month, the difference will be the date of the day after the day after tomorrow." On what date in 1921 did Bob make his observations?

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture

on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water-colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Both questions must be answered.

1. What do you know about the following places: Damascus, Emmaus, Bethany; Capernaum, Cana?

2. Write in your own words the story of Jesus meeting Nathanael.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write a description of the town or village in which you live. (Not to exceed 200 words.)

HIDDEN PROVERB COMPETITION.

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DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a wheelbarrow, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Write in your own words the story of John the Baptist.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about your holidays.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a three-legged stool, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for July.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. 2. Doris Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester.

Honourable Mention.—Hilda Woor, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden, Herts; Frances Harris, Church Lane, Dunton, near Brentwood; Dorothy Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester; John Clive and Jean Marguerite Jackson, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

JUMBLED ANIMALS COMPETITION.

1. Harry Abbott, The Laurels, Beacon Hill, Rednal. 2. Violet Fiddler, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring (beautifully illustrated and written).

Honourable Mention.—Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Molly Doey, Ratheane, Coleraine, Co. Derry; Bert Overton and Nancy Jackson, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Winnie Bristow and Elsie Horn, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen. 2. Beryl Stevens, 3 Kersal Gardens, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Bollington, near Macclesfield; Ivy Stubbs and Lucy Armstrong, Minshull Vernon Church of England School, near Crewe; Ruth Billington, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Arthur Drury, The Cottage, Star Stile, Halstead; Daisy Meeke, The Manse, Ballinderry, Lisburn, Co. Antrim.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Louis Yates, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, Leicester. 2. Mary Houston, Homefield Hous-
ton, Ballyboley, Ballymore, Co. Antrim.

Honourable Mention.—Nellie Daniels, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Amy Menzies and Gordon Hackett, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, Leicester; Grace Wheeler, Upper Easebourne, Midhurst, Sussex; Ethel Pope and John Dunn, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Cissie Baccas, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. 2. Florrie Jackson, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; William Edwards and Percy Shuker, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Angela Pearson, Cowdray Park, Midhurst, Sussex; Mary Rawson, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden; Mollie Forsyth and Winnie Crossland, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

JUMBLED PROVERB.

1. William Pooler, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 2. Amy Giles, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; Roy Brayne, Annie Jarvis, and Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

The answer was, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts. 2. Fred Driver, 134 Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Willie Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington, near Macclesfield; Edith Brann, Parade Manse, Ballyeaston, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim; Sydney Beach, Wyvern, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Cuthbert Mardell, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Lucy Bennett, Tillington, Petworth, Sussex. 2. Doreen Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Easebourne, near Midhurst.

Honourable Mention.—Eric Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester; Constance Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; Robina Wilson, 164 Auchincarn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Margaret Haigh, 60 Savile Park Street, Halifax. 2. Dorothy Cooper, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Jim Bennett, Tillington, Petworth, Sussex; Patsy Hornbrook, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Bernard Gibbs, New Road, Rubery, near Birmingham; Edith Johnson, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden; Harriet Cross, Joseph Taylor, and Nita Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Stanley Herbert, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts. 2. Zoe Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey.

Honourable Mention.—Walter Bowdler and Annie Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Frank Depper, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Bella M'Caughy, Tully Nakinion, Portglenone; Mary Nicholls and Vera Bernstein, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. September.

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Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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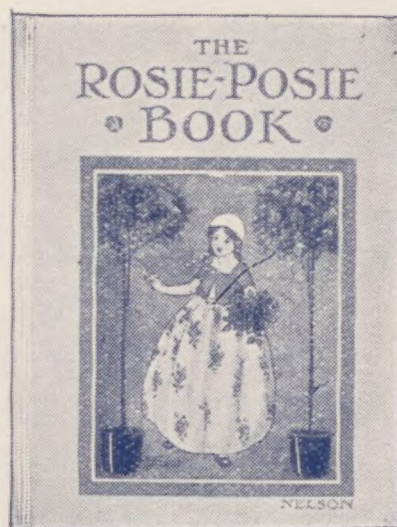
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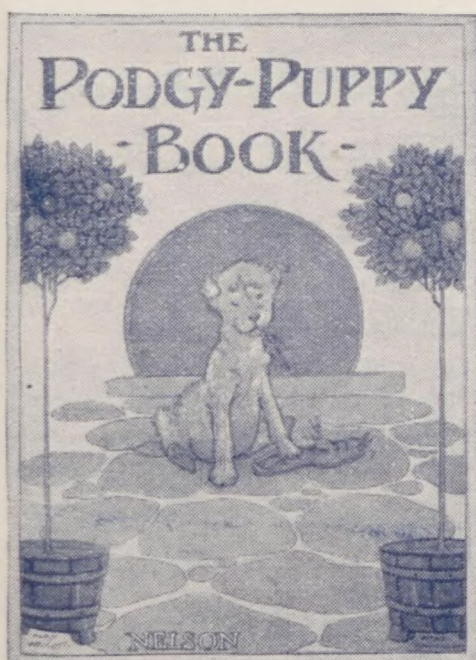


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